

"Brick Pomeroy," in his red hot season, used to take the lead of treasonable and profane abuse of the Republican Administration and party. But the editor the Lexington (Mo.) *Caucasian*, to whom Mr. Greeley sent his letter proposing Gratz Brown as a candidate for President is much redder and hotter than Pomeroy was, to judge by the following paragraph in his paper of a late date:

"God sent us Wilkes Booth, with his 'Sic Semper Tyrannis' from old Virginia's shield and arms, and a bullet from liberty's mold. Oh, that the people might now find a Guy Fawkes, to creep beneath the Devil's Inn [Hall of Congress] and with the stimulating power of a million tons of nitro glycerine, blow it as near heaven as any of its thieves will ever get."

GOOD NEWS FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The election in New Hampshire last Tuesday, resulted in a complete victory for the wary republicans of that State. Feeling, as they did, the great importance of success, they put down a firm foot from the beginning of the campaign, and fought with a vigilance which only New Hampshire politicians know how to do. They slept with one eye wide open and watched every circumstance and guarded against every danger and made every provision for safety. They have shown to the country—which has watched with much eagerness her every movement—that the fires of division in their ranks which was so much dreaded, have not consumed patriotism and good sense. They had only to look to the result of last year to be stirred and awakened to the importance of redoubting their energies and striking with all their might at the heart of the enemy, that they might redeem once more their granite hills. Redeemed then they have and that gratefully too. Notwithstanding they had to contend not only with the Democratic party, but with the labor reform and temperance men, they rolled up a majority of about 1500 for their candidate, Mr. Ezekiel A. Straw of Manchester, and the legislature is overwhelmingly Republican. This is good. Republicans have a right to rejoice now and be glad. Do it. Be thankful for what you have got and you will be likely to get more. Get up on the fence if you like, and crow a long, loud crow; turn a double-somersault backwards into the snow drifts, and then get up and crow again. Get up in the middle of the night—no matter how cold it is; let mercury go down to 39 and freeze up, and the winds blow accordingly—go out to your hen roost and wake up your old cock-a-doodle-do and make him crow. Wish we had a rooster to place at the head of this column, but we have not; didn't think of it in season. Will have one ready to use after the Connecticut election. "But what if New Hampshire has gone Republican?" remarked one man to us, "it's a small state and don't amount to shucks any way." Ah, ha, my fine fellow, the shucks that it amounts to are hard things to step upon with bare feet. If it is a small state it tells a big story. New Hampshire is to the country what Newcastle is to New Hampshire. Newcastle, as everybody in New Hampshire knows, always elects her town officers on the first Monday in March—one week before the state election—and it being a closely balanced town, the result has always been considered an index of the vote of the state. Hence the saying "As goes Newcastle so goes New Hampshire," and as New Hampshire is also a closely balanced state the result there is considered an index to the vote throughout the whole country, and hence the saying, "As goes New Hampshire so goes the country." Another Democrat said to us, "I'm glad New Hampshire has gone as it has, for if it had not, Grant would never have been renominated, and now he is sure of the nomination and sure to be defeated. I would as lief have the devil for president as to have Grant another four years." That Grant is sure of the nomination we have no doubt; that he is sure of being defeated we have very serious doubts. That the whole Democratic party would as lief have the devil for president we have not much doubt, for this reason: They know Grant is a true Republican; as firm as the rock of Gibraltar, and will not change his color; who cannot be bought for a penny-whistle, and therefore if elected would serve the party that elected him, and would not be likely to do the Democratic cause much good. They would much prefer some man not quite so "stubbard."

Republican State Convention, to choose delegates to the Philadelphia Convention, will be held at Bellows Falls, May 1st.

It is said that there is a scheme on foot among our "passive" friends to run Jubal Early against Phil. Sheridan for the Presidency, provided the Republicans will run Phil. They say old Jubal outran Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley, and so they think it would be a good idea to try it on the Presidential course.

ARGUS AND PATRIOT ON THE NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION.—Our roster does not appear over New Hampshire this year, being disposed to keep out of sight. A telegram from John M. Hill, of the Patriot, Wednesday morning, is as follows:

Straw, (rep.) elected Governor by 1200 to 1500 majority. Council, Senate and House, republican. Temperance and Labor Reform vote insignificant. Whole vote heavy, probably reaching 76,000. That will do. If any one wants comments they will have to wait, as we have nothing to say now.

Let us see. How many presidential candidates are already in nomination? There is Daniel Pratt, G. A. T.; Geo. Francis Train, the modest; and the slightly less modest Gen. Thomas A. Davis of New York, who nominates himself by sending lithographs of his figure-head throughout the country on Washington's birthday; and the western conventions have added to the list by putting in the field, David H. Davis of Illinois, labor reformer, and James Black of Pennsylvania, prohibitionist. The anti-tobaccoists have not yet made a nomination.

"TALLY ONE!" FOR EDMUNDS.—Roscoe Conkling, United States Senator from New York, is conceded, arrogant, and supercilious. Friday last Hon. George F. Edmunds was interrupted by Conkling in a speech he was making, by the remark that the Vermont Senator was "fighting a wind-mill." "Certainly," retorted Mr. Edmunds, "the gentleman from New York." The Senate chuckled the chuckle of appreciation, and Roscoe's proverbially sweet temper was for the moment a good deal ruffled. It was a very amusing incident.—*Patrols* "sassing" Achilles, and no wonder the other chiefs enjoyed it.—*Argus and Patriot*.

The New York Sun, desiring we suppose to make a *savage* point against Grant's administration, started a favorite correspondent on the war path across the Plains, to interview the celebrated Indian Chief "Spotted Tail,"—and if possible scalp Gen. Sheridan, by reporting him, like his superior, a total failure. "John" got as far west-by-south-west as Louisville, the "Genuine Old Bourbon" region of Kentucky, whence, after several weeks' exhilarated delay in that happy hunting ground, the demoralized Bohemian telegraphed to his anxious employer:—

I have seen Spotted Tail. We tent in the same saloon. He is a coach dog. The proprietor has given me a written pledge, (which I forward by mail), that Sheridan nor any other of Grant's relations shall ever capture him! Where shall I go next?

The editor's reply is said to have been too hot for the telegraph, and when John received it by mail, with the sealings were melted off, he replied that it was useless to go there as that place was already chock full of anti-Gr. correspondents.

MR. GREELEY'S "NOTE."—Mr. A. B. Cornell having applied to Governor Claflin for a copy of Mr. Greeley's hasty note declining to have his name attached to the call for the Philadelphia convention, that note is furnished with pleasure. It is as follows:—

FRIEND CHANDLER.—Please not to attach my name to the call of the national convention. I stayed away from your meeting on purpose to keep a position of independence. If we have trustworthy assurances of reform from the White House, all right; but I am not inclined to help our Leets and Stockings to another half million of plunder. Yours,

NEW YORK, January 16, 1872.
Hon. William E. Chandler, Washington City, D. C.

SCHURZ AND THE GERMANS.—A letter to the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, signed "A German Republican," gives the following as his estimate of Schurz, which is just if not generous:

It is astonishing to see the vindictive opposition of Senator Carl Schurz to the present Administration. But it is characteristic of the man. In 1848 he came here, a fugitive from justice (to save his neck) from the country whose overthrow he sought and worked for. He was willing to deluge the whole of Germany (my Fatherland) in blood. And for what? Nothing else but selfish ambition. This country received him and gave him a citizen's rights. It has protected him thus far and honored him since with office. In 1869 when he enlisted as a Republican (save the mark!) he was called "the Redmouthed Dutchman," by the very men into whose hands he is now playing. The same pack of copperheads and traitors were for hanging his head, tutor, Senator, Sumner, on the other side of the gibbet to balance Jeff. Davis.

Schurz boasts of the German vote, and is for sale to the highest bidder; he will fail of selling us Germans; he may make the sale but the delivery will be doubtful. He has about as much control over the German vote as Satan had over the country he showed to the ravager. Schurz need not so deceive himself, for we know his motives and spurn such a leader as he pretends to be. He has proved himself false and not for the first time, either.

IN TRAINING FOR POLITICIANS.—THE FIRST LESSON OF THREE BROOKLYN LADS. Three weeks ago Danny and Jimmy Kelly and Edly Walsh, all young lads, stole \$1,500 in greenbacks and \$80 in silver from Mrs. Callahan, of Navy and Prospect streets, Brooklyn. Mrs. Callahan is the aunt of the Kelly boys. She had the money in a trunk, which the boys broke open and rifled during her absence. Yesterday Detective Dunn, of the prince street (N. Y.) station, arrested the boys in a disreputable house in Greene street, and transferred them to the Brooklyn police.

After robbing their aunt the young rascals came to New York and sprinkled the silver along the docks to the Jersey ferry. They were afraid to sell it as Danny said, for fear of being "kothed." At the Jersey City ferry they purchased tickets for Rahway. Next they went to Trenton and then came back to the city and put up at the house where they were captured.

The Walsh boy said Danny was robbed by his girl of \$160.

"We had lots of wine," continued Danny, "a \$10 a bottle, too."

"What," said the chief, "wine \$10 a bottle?"

"Yes, sir, and fourteen of them at that."

It was champagne—the real stuff." When Danny said this, a look of astonishment marked the faces of the Brooklyn boys. Judge Dunn, of the Eighth, explained by saying that they did everything over his way bang up. The trio were locked up for examination.

DE PROFUNDIS.

Shades of despair were falling fast, as through our nation and there passed A "party" dressed not over-size, Whose lantern bore the strange device, Anythingobscure!

Its brow was sad; its eye below Wept like Nihil's in her woe, And like despair's straw-dwelling rung The accents of that quiescent tongue, Anythingobscure!

Throughout the land it saw content Wrought by the host President; Below, the great Salt river shone, And from its lips escaped a groan, Anythingobscure!

"Try not the passive," said one cryon, "Taint worth a worn-out pleasure, The saline torrent is deep and wide, And lost that desperate remedy, Anythingobscure!"

"O, stay," Columbia said, "and rest, But pallid—behold the blood-red stain, A tear shed in his bloodless eye, But still it answered with a sigh, Anythingobscure!"

"Beware George Wilkes and his weak branch, Beware the belted avalanche, Thus spake the people from good will, A voice replied far down the hill, Anythingobscure!"

On "action day" when the Union bustles itself to recollect Ulysses, And does the job with votes to spare, A voice yells through the autumn air, Anythingobscure!

A corpse deep buried in the ground, The "Lectical College" follows to the front, Still grasping in its clutchéd hand That platform from its death-strand, Anythingobscure!"

There, 'neath the river, cold and salted, Lifeless and carbon-foot, it halted; And from beneath its shroud, A cry wrung from a passive voice, Anythingobscure!"

Judge David Davis who is the Labor Reform candidate for President, and has expressed his willingness to be elected from the Supreme Court, to the White House, is a large framed, portly, genial gentleman, nearly fifty-seven years of age. He was born in Maryland, graduated in Ohio, studied law in Massachusetts, and then went to Illinois, where for years he bode the Circuit with Abraham Lincoln, who evinced his friendship for him by making him his executor. He is one of the few remaining old school gentlemen fond of a good dinner and a good story, and unpretending in his manner of living, although he is a millionaire.

THE END OF THE WORLD.—The end of the world is now set for next Summer, *Teste David cum Sybilla*, or rather Dr. Cummings and Prof. Plantamour. For while the prophetic Doctor's latest calculation places the final conflagration at about that time, the great astronomer, who sees the hostile comet, and of a comet of wonderful and unusual size, that is rushing with immense velocity toward our earth, to reach it on the 12th of August. Professor Plantamour has found this comet afar off in space, pointed so directly toward our globe that nothing can prevent a collision except the intervention of some other heavenly body to sway the wanderer out of its course. It is a new comet, and therefore more to be dreaded than our old friends, Halley and Tempel, which have been picked to pieces by the spectroscopic, pierced by the telescope, and in one or two instances even robbed of portions of their luxuriant tails. We know these to be harmless bodies, while of this giant of Prof. Plantamour we know nothing. But there is consolation in the thought that before the collision actually takes place, our wise men will have ample opportunity to discuss the hostile comet, and inform us whether our fate is to be incinerated with burning gas, stoned to death with meteors, or simply to add another satellite to our train.

LOOKING FOR THE LIGHT IN HIS WIFE'S EYES.—"Well, Mrs. McKenna, what charge have you to make against your husband," inquired Justice Dowling of the New York Police Court, on Saturday last.

"Faith, he was hardly in the house; that's what I say, yer Honor, when he looks at me wicked-like, and barren' the word he said except 'So you are there, are ye?' when he ups with the little of billing water and deluges me."

"The water wasn't billin'," said Michael McKenna, the husband of the complainant, Eliza. While the clerk was preparing the papers which were to bind Michael to keep the peace, his wife recited a list of her wrongs, among which was one that some day or another he would hang for.

"Many and many a time I have woken up and found him burning matches under my nose, and when I'd holler he would say that he was looking for the light of my eyes, the villain!"

STIRRING UP A SURPRISE PARTY.—On Wednesday night there was a surprise party in Mr. Lawrence's mansion in Mt. Kisco, N. Y. The elite of the town was there. Among the party was Mr. Holly Disbrow. He had been feeding his horses with asafetida, and had placed a lump in his vest pocket. Disbrow had a cold in his head which disarranged his smelling apparatus. Therefore he did not remove the drug from his vest as soon as he otherwise might have done. He went to the party. He secured a partner and began dancing a polka. His partner became "very dizzy" after the first two or three steps and excused herself. Half a dozen similar attempts were made by the ladies against the party, but they all broke down. A general snickering went round the room, and poor Holly could not find a partner. He became exceedingly annoyed, being as he was unable to solve the problem. Finally a man took him to one side and told him, and he bolted for home.

DUNNING A TENANT AND PUNCHING HIS EYE OUT WITH AN UMBRELLA.—Camden, N. J., March 12.—On Saturday last, in Walnut street, Philadelphia, John Ambrewster, one of the wealthiest and most highly respected inhabitants of Camden, had an encounter with William Penn Repsher, a young man who was one of his tenants.

The former, meeting his tenant in Philadelphia, asked him for a part of his rent which had been due for more than two years. Repsher, who has been an unfortunate of late, and become much reduced in circumstances, replied that he had no money. Whereupon the wealthy landlord became abusive and threatening in his language.

Repsher retorted, and soon became enraged at a very insulting epithet of Ambrewster's, struck the latter in the face. Ambrewster then raised his umbrella and stabbed Repsher in the eye, the ferule entering near the bridge of the nose, and penetrating clear to the brain.

Repsher was picked up and carried to his home in Camden. The morning he died. Ambrewster was arrested today just as he was stepping on the train to escape. He has been committed to the Camden jail without bail, and will have to stand a trial for murder in the first degree.

On that day, Messrs. Barlow and McFarland were on hand as temporary counsel for the old and new Board. Field and Sherman, of course, remained with Gould, refusing to recognize the legality of the call. The gentlemen to be elected directors were all in the office waiting to be called to the vacant seats.

THE SMASH-UP OF THE ERIE RING.

The Whole Story in a Nutshell.—Statement of One of the Gentlemen who Planned the Attack.—The New Board will Submit to the Voice of the Bona-Fide Stockholders.

The following account of the Erie revolution was furnished the reporter by a gentleman who has been conversant with the plans since the first move was made. He said:

For years past the management of the Erie Railroad has been a scandal in Europe. The gross impositions practiced by those who controlled the road have been the greatest obstacles in the way of negotiating our securities abroad. It has interfered in the negotiation both of private and public securities in Europe. We have been invariably pointed to the Erie Railway as a type of the protection foreign creditors might expect in this country. It has been a standing American scandal, and at length by a well matured plan of operations, and a skillful execution of the programme, it is about to be wiped out.

Various attacks have been made by individual stockholders to break up the Erie Ring, but all judicial proceedings have proved abortive up to this time.—The Ring has absolutely controlled the judiciary of this city. The first great success against the Ring was gained by the same firm which has just accomplished its overthrow.—Barlow, Laroque, and McFarland, Jay Gould had been appointed receiver of the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad, by which means the control of that road was fraudulently acquired by the Erie road. After three months' litigation in three different states, the receivership was abolished, and the Erie Ring was deprived of its Western Division. The Atlantic and Great Western was reorganized and placed on an independent footing.

THE ENGLISH STOCKHOLDERS have been the principal movers in the affair. They have tried every legal means to secure their rights of property in New York, and failed. The firm of Barlow, Laroque & McFarland represent a very large ownership of Erie stock held in Europe. They have been interested for years in procuring a change in the administration of the company, that the recently revoked to the control of the great body of bona fide, legitimate stockholders. But until the breaking of the municipal Ring, which was closely allied to the Erie Ring, it was not easy to see any hope of success.—The combination of Tammany and Erie was nearly irresistible, and at one time the idea of ever gaining control of the road was all but abandoned. To appeal to judicial proceedings, as things then were, would have been simply idiotic.

ERIE'S WEAKNESS. The breaking up of the municipal Ring left Erie just so much weaker, and the representatives of the European stock determined to take advantage of her weakness. Messrs. Barlow, Laroque, and McFarland were in correspondence with their clients across the pond several months ago on this matter. The problem of how to get hold of Erie was a hard one even with loss of power in the Tammany break. It was desirable to do the thing without unnecessary resort to violence, and in a legal manner if possible, but Fisk and Gould were strongly entrenched in their castle, and their fortress seemed almost unapproachable.

GEN. SICKLES. Meantime it became known that Gen. Sickles was coming to this country.

It also became known to the representatives of Erie in London, including James McHenry. Both parties saw that Gen. Sickles possessed in a great degree the political influence and the executive ability necessary to give efficient aid in extricating the road from the clutches of the Ring. He was visited in London before leaving, and in the interest of the stockholders, as well as the American people, he agreed to do what he was able to do in the restoration of the company to its proper owners, and to bring about the election of an entirely new board of officers. He did this from no selfish motive, but purely in the interest of his country. As our representative at a foreign court, he had ample opportunities to see how much our credit was damaged by the frauds of Erie, and he undertook to remedy the evil of absence in his power without money and without price. The events which have taken place since his arrival here are simply due to the efficient measures he put in train in one direction and another.

PLANNING THE ATTACK. Gen. Sickles immediately on his arrival entered into communication with Messrs. Barlow, Laroque, and McFarland. The plans were matured by these four men, and until the mine was ready to be sprung no person in New York outside them had the faintest idea of what was to take place. It was known that many of the Directors were beginning to waver in their allegiance to Jay Gould, especially since the death of Fisk, and this was the pivot upon which it was determined to overturn the entire Erie machine. Such Directors as were known to be hostile to the administration were approached, and the plans boldly laid before them. They entered into the scheme heartily. Then the more doubtful ones were cautiously sounded, and one by one added to the list of malcontents. A diplomatist backed by three lawyers is irresistible in some things, and in less than a month enough had been gained over to render the success of the scheme certain.

THE POINT OF ATTACK.

On Friday evening March, 9th a meeting was held, at which it was determined to begin active operations. Gens. Dix and McClellan were then first informed of what was to take place, and asked to accept positions in the Board. They consented. Gen. Dix also consented at that time to take Jay Gould's place as President of the Board. The entire complexion of the new Board was decided on, and the gentlemen to be elected were told to be present at the meeting when called. The next day, Saturday, Jay Gould was asked to call a meeting. He telegraphed from his down-town office that he didn't see the necessity of calling a meeting. This had been foreseen, so that no time was lost. The meeting was regularly and legally called by a majority of the Directors for Monday.

CARRYING GOULD'S WORKS.

On that day, Messrs. Barlow and McFarland were on hand as temporary counsel for the old and new Board. Field and Sherman, of course, remained with Gould, refusing to recognize the legality of the call. The gentlemen to be elected directors were all in the office waiting to be called to the vacant seats.

The Burlington Harmonic Society is accepted for Gilmore's jubilee chorus.

Everybody went prepared to fight, if necessary, but hoping to carry the thing peaceably. This was done, and the coup was effected in a most masterly manner. GOULD'S SURRENDER.

After holding possession of the offices all night, the new Board met again yesterday morning and transacted the usual routine of business. Jay Gould remained in his voluntary imprisonment in the counsel room until about two o'clock. He and his counsel were thoroughly demoralized. They came to the conclusion that it was hopeless to contest the case any longer, and surrendered unconditionally. Gould and the few who had stood by him came into the Board and joined the rest. Everything that had been done during his absence was confirmed and ratified. He is still a Director, and the Board has no legal right to remove him. But he is in a minority of one, and so might as well be out as in.

INTENTIONS OF THE NEW BOARD.

The new Board intend to administer the road until the stockholders, under any legislation which the Legislature may see fit to make, can get together in lawful meeting and elect their own officers. The intention is to retain power only so long as to enable bona fide stockholders to speak their minds—in short, the present Board is simply a means for the restoration of the road to the control of its real owners.

Mr. Samuel L. M. Barlow will attend to the legal business transpiring in the offices, and W. W. McFarland, in company with Judge Porter, start for Albany at eleven to-night in pursuance of the following resolution of the Board: Resolved, That public notice be given that it is the intention of this board that the bona fide stockholders of this company shall at all times hereafter have, and be allowed to exercise their full and absolute right to control the direction of the company, and that this board will do all in its power to bring about such a speedy election as shall secure this result. And in view of this determination, that it is Resolved, That this Board does heartily approve of the privileges embodied in the recently revoked to the control of the great body of bona fide, legitimate stockholders. But until the breaking of the municipal Ring, which was closely allied to the Erie Ring, it was not easy to see any hope of success.—The combination of Tammany and Erie was nearly irresistible, and at one time the idea of ever gaining control of the road was all but abandoned. To appeal to judicial proceedings, as things then were, would have been simply idiotic.

Attest: H. M. OTIS, Secretary.

A COUSIN OF GEN. ROSENCRANZ VICTIMIZED BY A CONFIDENCE OPERATOR.—Monday afternoon, March 11th, John Rosencranz, a cousin of the General, called at the Central Detective office, N. Y., and said that he had been victimized by St. Mary's Georgia, and that while passing up Broadway with his wife, intending to make some purchases, he was accosted by a well-dressed stranger, who, after some conversation, politely offered to take him to Stewart's. The stranger showed him over the entire building. They then intimated their intention to purchase some goods, but the stranger entreated them first to go to his house "only a few blocks off," where his niece would be happy to assist Mrs. Rosencranz in shopping.

As they were crossing to Fourth avenue, they were met opposite Brassford's by a man about sixty years of age, who hailed the stranger and asked him whether he could spare that \$12. He was about to bury his sister, and had not a moment to spare. The stranger had nothing less than a hundred-dollar bank note, and asked Mr. Rosencranz to oblige him until they reached the house. Mr. Rosencranz pulled out a well-filled purse and handed out the greenbacks, and the old man hurried off.

"On second thought," said the stranger, "I think my friend Brassford will change this note and I will pay you at once. Just wait a moment."

"He went to get the change," said Mr. Rosencranz, speaking to Capt. Irving. But I guess he hasn't got it yet. I now begin to smell a very large mice."

HOW THEY DO IT IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—On Monday last Wells River depot swarmed with N. Hampshire politicians, going home to vote. A friend introduced us to one of them, telling him "Here's one of your kind." He took us behind the door, excitedly, and filled us full of assurances that New Hampshire was all right. "Why, d—n it," said he, "we've paid as high as \$250 for a single vote. We've had all the money we could use, and the D—n I only knows where it came from, for we don't. We've hired the other side to stay at home, got 'em drunk, and done—the Lord only knows what, but we've got 'em sure."

We were delighted to hear that the prospect was so lovely, but told him, frankly, we could not justify the means used, and that such evils would not be tolerated in Vermont for a single moment. He looked a little crestfallen for an instant, and then said, "I know, but, of course you want to see us whole 'em, and that was the only way, under heaven, we could do it." We shook hands heartily, and he went on his way, promising to be the hopeful prospect for to-morrow, we parted. After five minutes he appeared again, under great excitement, gave us a patriotic slap on the shoulder, and exclaimed,—"Good G—d! Chase, it's my treat. I supposed you were a republican—excuse me." We put on a sort of *belle* countenance,—that is, gave him a look of virtuous democracy, and told him it was a hard thing to excuse but would pardon him for the satisfaction it gave us to learn "how they do it in New Hampshire."—*Vermont Union*.

STRANGE PHENOMENON.—Lexington, Kentucky, has a strange phenomenon of its own now. A clerk, of an artistic turn of mind, traced a railroad bridge with a train of cars in the front on a plate glass window with the point of a pair of scissors. The sketching remained for a day or two, the sun shining on it every morning. Finally it melted away, and the window was repeatedly washed, but the next time the frost came it traced the railroad bridge in its old place as plain and clear as it was first. Live Stock interests of the whole country. Each number is handsomely illustrated with Engravings, and contains many articles of interest to every Farmer and Stock Raiser, only \$1.00 a year. Specimen copies free. Address N. P. Boyer & Co., Parkersburg, Chester Co. Pa.

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HORRIBLE MURDER IN OHIO.

A Man Killing his Three Children after a Fifteen Minutes Prayer—Then Striking his Wife to Death by Strangulation.

DAYTON, March 11.—Mary Marguardt, aged 35, and three children, aged respectively 6 and 8 years and six months, were murdered six miles north-east of this city on Saturday night. The indications are that the murder was committed by the father, Leonard Marguardt, who is evidently insane from spiritual cause. The story which the man himself tells is that a few days ago he read a chapter to his family from the Bible, and then rising accused his wife of being a witch and, using witchcraft, and that his eldest daughter confirmed him in his accusation.

He says that on Saturday night he told his wife that he wanted the children to leave; that he and his wife stripped naked, knelt down and prayed for fifteen minutes; they then stripped two children, took them out and drowned them, and laid them side by side on the bank of the stream. After this they returned home and went to bed. After lying there fifteen minutes, he told his wife he wanted to send her to heaven, and immediately strangled her to death. After that he rose and prayed until 3 o'clock in the morning, when he went to the nearest neighbor and told the whole story. Marguardt is a German farmer, and has been in this country about eighteen years. The murdered woman was his second wife.

At the Coroner's inquest the evidence was taken of Elizabeth, aged 7, and Habakkuk, aged 6, the surviving children of Marguardt. They said that on Saturday night, after dark, their father and mother "hunted" all the children. These two hid themselves. There was a light burning, and they saw father and mother kill the other three children with their hands. Father killed the baby first, and then mother killed Leah and Samuel.

Both father and mother were naked, and when the deed was done they came to the house and began praying to God in heaven. The two surviving children were hunted for after the others were killed, but they managed to get away, and about daylight on Sunday morning got to a straw stack, where they were when they were found in the afternoon. The examination is still proceeding before the Coroner. The babe's skull was completely smashed in.

Fred Grant's humorous lecture was the attraction at Tremont Temple at Boston, one evening last week, and the audience that assembled to listen to it would have delighted any humorous lecturer who relies on the character of his lectures for inspiration, for nearly every one wore a smile from the time he first entered the hall till he disappeared from view in search of the home-going horse-car. The lecture consisted largely of disconnected anecdotes, most of them old ones, but told so well as almost to reconcile one to their age. In opening his discourse Mr. Grant remarked that a humorous lecture was the most difficult kind to deliver, and in seeking for a subject upon which to dilate he had thought of taking the connecting link between the animal and vegetable world—"hash"—but had decided not to do so. The most touching sight is said to be a young man attempting to color a meerschaum or trying to raise a moustache; but the most difficult thing is to go anywhere on the face of the globe where the universal "hash" is not found, and the lecturer proceeded to discuss the said Yankee for an hour and a half, but did it in an utterly unrepentable style. Some of his quaint comparisons provoked considerable merriment, as when he called Geo. Francis Train a peripatetic gong. A certain slow remembrance of him of a gallon of molasses on a cold morning; and a green lad of twenty was said to be in the "horrupt age," when he seems all feet and mouth; to Eve was said to have had one great advantage over all her daughters, for her feelings were never lacerated by her husband's telling how his mother used to cook. A certain scene of Vermont was described as a "rolling country," if you stubbed your toe you would roll forty rods in any direction. A slanderer was spoken of as going about telling how much a man drinks, but he is never told how the man was. Talkers will cease from speaking evil when listeners cease hearing evil. In closing Mr. Grant referred to the foolish "treating" customs of Yankees, and innumerable excuses invented for drinking, and gave an earnest temperance exhortation on that text.

A RIGHT AND LEFT ROW.—BREDAN LET LOOSE IN THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.—VERSAILLES, March 11. In the National Assembly to-day a motion was introduced amid great excitement to censure and prosecute two Deputies for libel on the Chamber. A counter motion was made to pass to the order of the day. This which is equivalent to laying the original motion on the table, was followed by a lengthy unprovoked overture of the halls; but it was finally declared adjourned, whereupon the storm broke out afresh.

A member of the Right shouted: "The passage to the order of the day is not an amnesty of impunity, but disdain!" The House became furious; violent exclamations were exchanged by the Right and Left, and the scene of confusion was painfully protracted. The accused Deputies rose in their seats and refused to accept such a pardon as the action of the Assembly implied. They were received with a storm of groans. Mr. Jules Favre tried to speak, but his voice was inaudible in the uproar.

The Prince of Wales happened to visit the Assembly during the sitting and witnessed the entire proceedings.

THE VICE PRESIDENCY.—If Vice President Colfax should be renominated and re-elected, it will be the first time with a single exception, that a Vice President has been his own successor in the history of our government. The exception was that of Daniel D. Tompkins of New York, who served as Vice President under the two terms of President Monroe, one of which terms occurred in what is historically known as the "era of good feeling"—from 1824 to 1825. The instances in which a Vice President has stepped from that position to the Presidency are six, to wit: John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Martin Van Buren, John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, and Andrew Johnson—the three latter succeeding to the Presidency on the demise of the regularly elected incumbents while holding office.—*New York Herald*.

The very circumstance which makes the shallow misanthropist, inclines the wise to be benevolent.

LARGE PICTURES!

WHY WILL YOU BE HUMBUGGED?

As certain parties are now traveling through this country humbugging folks by soliciting old pictures to be copied, representing that they will do it cheaper than any one else, I propose to give you a few facts in relation to them. In the first place the pictures that they deliver are common place pictures—enlarged tintypes—for which they charge you from 20 to 60 per cent. more than I charge for the same kind of picture, for the very reason that they are obliged to pay express both ways, also to pay the expenses of the traveling agent, all of which you will save by getting your work done nearer home. My work is all done in my own shop, finishing and all, notwithstanding the Concord agent's statement to the contrary; and you will find it to your interest to bring your work here to be done, as I warrant my work as good as the best and cheaper than can be done by sending it away.—Also, you will find my work just what it is represented to be, as I shall not palm off a tin-type for an India ink picture.

J. N. WEBSTER.

Barton, Vt., March 11, 1872.

RUNAWAY POND RAILROAD.

Farmers and all persons who live on the line of the proposed route: We the undersigned are duly authorized to receive contracts for any amount of sap, posts, rails, and other materials, and we will be sure to give the best of our service.

STOVES FOR CASH. on the MOST REASONABLE TERMS.

We want to reduce our stock this spring, in order that we may repair and make a shop, for comfort and convenience both for ourselves and patrons. We intend to live in Barton a few years longer if permitted to do so.

If You Hear that We are going to Close out Business, don't believe it. For we are bound to Do Business in BARTON.

All persons indebted to the firm are requested to settle by note or cash on or before April 1st, as we make a change in our business relations at that time, and shall sell a very low price for the balance. If other parties claim that they are entitled to lower than we are, that the quality of their goods is not up to the standard, they must make their claims in part of

STOVES, PUMPS, SINKS, stove findings, sugar tobs and hollow-ware, tin, sheet iron, copper, glass and crockery-ware, brass kettles, lead pipe and many articles too numerous to mention. Give us a call.

BRING IN YOUR WOOL.

pelts, hides, iron, rags, dairy skins, copper, brass